

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES.
VOL. XXXIII. }

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{ NEW SERIES.
VOL. X. No. 12.



OUR PICTURES.

IN our first picture you see three beautiful blue jays. They are busy eating a farmer's corn, but do not know that they are doing any harm. As with most birds, the mischief they do is small compared with the good they do; for they destroy a great many insects and worms. If any of our readers ever are tempted to kill birds or rob their nests, we hope that they will stop and think how much good the birds do and what pretty creatures they are.

In our second picture you see Willie Gray and his little sister Mary. They are "playing photograph." A few days ago they went with their mother to have their pictures taken. They were much interested in watching all that the man did, and now Willie is trying to do some of the same things. He has put a box in a chair, and an old piece of stove pipe upon the box, and placed his little sister in just the right position. See how intently she is looking at the instrument just as the man told her to do; and how skilfully Willie is fixing it so as to be sure and get a good impression. We are glad to see these children play together in this pretty way and hope that they never will quarrel or fret.

For The Dayspring.

ALPHABET OF NATURAL HISTORY.

N.

THE wheels of our Alphabet loiter again, —

A difficult letter to manage is N.

The night-moths, indeed, are a numerous tribe,

But not very easy, in verse, to describe.

When I first read, in Scripture, about "moth and rust,"

I thought moths no bigger than mere grains of dust.

But I've since learned they often are big, burly things,

And make a loud humming, sometimes, with their wings.

They figure, in books, under different names:

Sometimes they are Death's-heads, sometimes Flying Flames;

But one thing is queer, — that the very same moth Should be likened to Hawk and to Humming-bird both.

About this same moth I've a story to tell: —

One evening, at dusk, I remember full well

The place and the hour, — 't was in mid-winter time,

But a summer-like night in that soft, Southern clime;

As I sauntered about in the shrubbery there,

Refreshing my soul with the balm-laden air,

I wondered to see, o'er the flowery ground,

Such swarms of tame humming-birds fluttering round.

I was almost ashamed to ensnare with such ease

What I, all my life long, had sought vainly to seize;

But as one seemed almost to invite me to seize him,

I could not refuse the slight trouble to please him.

It took my ten fingers not long to entrap

In a bony-framed bird-cage my good-natured chap;

But when, for security, under a glass

I held him, and watched him by lamp-light, — alas!

My Humming-bird (vanished) had left not a trace,

Save a big, hairy Hawk-moth that hummed in his place.

The tale has a moral, you need not seek far:

It shows how deceitful appearances are.

C. T. B.

TRUTHFULNESS is a corner-stone in character, and, if it be not firmly laid in youth, there will ever after be a weak spot in the foundation.

For The Dayspring.

GEORGE'S POCKET PIECE.

BY EGBERT L. RANGS.

"WHAT shall we have for dinner to-morrow?" said Mrs. Glover to her son George, a boy in his thirteenth year. Now dinner is a very important matter to most boys, and it was particularly so to George. When quite young he had been rather delicate, but he had within the past three years taken a start, and now he ate his meals with a good appetite. Beefsteak was, of all meats, the one he liked best. His mother was a widow, and she frequently sent him to market, for he was a good judge of all articles for the table. So he said, "We had mutton to-day, so let us have a good beefsteak to-morrow."

"Well," said Mrs. Glover, "get it this evening, for you will have to split a box full of kindling-wood after breakfast, and there won't be time for you to go to market before the school bell rings."

"All right," said George, "give me the money and I will get the steak at once."

Mrs. Glover gave him a silver dollar and told him to be careful to bring back the exact change.

"Don't worry, mother," said George, "I'll be careful."

George had always been a trusty boy. He had never deceived his mother, and she had implicit confidence in him. He went down the street with his market basket on his arm, whistling on the way.

"Good-evening, Mr. Collins," said he to the butcher. "I want just a pound and a half of beefsteak." The steak was ten cents a pound, for George lived in a Western town where meat did not cost as much as it does in Boston or New York. As he placed three fine slices of steak in his basket, he said to the butcher, "Now please

give me something for the gentleman in brown who boards with us."

The butcher looked puzzled till George said, "Oh, put in something that will make him wag his tail; he always does that when he sees me coming from market."

"Give my compliments to your dog," said Mr. Collins, as he put into the basket a nice chunk of liver that many a poor family would have been glad to get.

"I suppose you want fifteen cents for this beefsteak," said George. "Here is a bran new silver dollar; take your change out of that."

"All right," said Mr. Collins, as he dropped the dollar into his drawer and handed the change to George.

George walked out, not stopping to count it, for the whistle of another boy was calling him to hurry. As they met on the corner, he took out the change and ran it over, mentally in this way, "Here's a nickel and a dime and three quarters. Why, that's funny! Mr. Collins has overpaid me five cents, as sure as I'm alive."

Now, if George had been alone, he would surely have gone back to correct the mistake. But Jim Fleetwood was not as honest a boy as George was. So he said to him, as George called his attention to the mistake, "Well, now what's the use of caring about five cents?" (for George had already turned as if to go back,) "Old Collins makes lots of money on his beef. He gives short weight sometimes, and it is no more than fair to get even with him at least once. Buy a pint of peanuts with your nickel and let us have a good time with them."

Now George would sooner have gone without his dinner than he would have stolen a nickel to buy a dinner with. But under the specious reasoning of Jim Fleetwood it really seemed as if he was only

taking advantage of a mistake to get back what honestly belonged to him. The peanuts were bought and eaten and the boys separated.

"Here's the change, mother," said George, as he laid the meat on the table. "It came to just fifteen cents."

Mrs. Glover took the four pieces of money, and as she glanced over them said, "Why, how is this?" "Why, it is all right," said George. "Fifteen cents from a dollar leaves eighty-five cents. The three quarters make seventy-five cents, and your dime makes eighty-five."

"My boy," said his mother, "you are mistaken. Look at this piece. It is not a quarter, though it does look very much like one. It is only a twenty-cent piece, so you see you are out five cents. Mr. Collins must have been in a hurry and so did not notice his mistake."

"Yes, he was in a big hurry," said George. "Parson Smith was looking at some spring chickens, and Mr. Collins was in a hurry to wait on him." That was all true.

"Well," said Mrs. Glover, "let it go. He didn't mean to deceive you, I am sure."

George did not enjoy his dinner the next day, though an old friend of his mother, whom he dearly loved, and who had been invited to dinner, praised his skill in selecting steaks. His mother saw that something was the matter with the boy; but he did not tell her what it was.

That afternoon, as she was passing the meat market, she saw some nice chickens on the counter. She said to herself, "George does not seem quite well. I think he would enjoy a chicken dinner to-morrow, and he shall have one." So a beautiful chicken was bought; for sometimes chickens are beautiful even without their feath-

ers. She laid upon the counter a twenty-five-cent piece and a twenty-cent piece.

"Well, I declare," said Mr. Collins, "if that is n't the identical pistareen that I let George have last night; those pieces are not very common."

"That is very true," said Mrs. Glover. "They look so much like two-shilling pieces that I don't wonder you mistook this one for a full quarter."

"Oh no, I did n't mistake it at all, Mrs. Glover. I remember just what change I gave George. It was two quarters and this pistareen, which made seventy cents, and then a dime and a nickel, which made just eighty-five cents, and the meat came to fifteen."

Mrs. Glover was troubled. She said no more to Mr. Collins, but when she got home, she quietly remarked to George that Mr. Collins had recognized the pistareen as the one he had paid him, and that he had named to her the exact change he gave back, counting that piece at twenty cents.

"Did you lose the nickel, my son?" said she. George had not told her an absolute lie. He had, indeed, tried to deceive her, but it was more than he could do to tell his mother a falsehood.

So he told her the truth, for he saw that he had been detected and he was much ashamed of himself.

Mrs. Glover was not rich in this world's goods, but she was rich in the wealth of a mother's love for an only son. She said very little, but when George sat down to dinner the next day, he found under his plate a twenty-cent piece, that was evidently the one he had received in change at the meat market.

The chicken was a good one, and George asked his mother to break the wish bone with him. He got the wish, and his wish was to be restored to his mother's confi-

dence. His wish was granted, for this was the first time he had ever tried to deceive his mother.

"Dear mother," said he, "what made you put that piece of money under my plate when I had been a naughty boy and did not deserve it?"

"Keep it, my boy, as long as you live, and carry it as a pocket piece to remind you of the lesson you have learned to-day."

That was many years ago. Mrs. Glover is dead; but George is a good and prosperous man, and still keeps in a little compartment of his pocket-book a twenty-cent piece, and he has often told his children the story of his pocket piece.

FLINT, MICH.

For The Dayspring.

BENNY'S TALK WITH MAMMA.

BENNY came in from his sliding at twilight one cold winter's night and sat down by the fire. The fire was bright and warm and filled the room with a pleasant light, but Benny's face was very grave.

"Did you have a nice time, Benny?" said mamma.

"Oh, yes, I raced with Andrew Simpkins and my sled beat." Then Benny was silent and thoughtful again, looking into the fire.

"Mamma," he began suddenly, "I have a nice time, and I like to play and to live, but there is one thing I don't like, I don't ever want to die."

"Why, Benny! I hope my little boy will live many years, and grow up into a good and happy man, but if he should die while he is young I hope and believe he would be much happier than here, and gain a great deal instead of losing anything. Your soul will not die, Benny."

"But I should n't be a boy, I should n't have any body, and I could n't play."

"I do not know about that," said mamma, "but my little happy boy does not need to trouble himself very much about this thing, because he cannot understand it clearly now."

"But I must die some time, mamma."

"Yes, Benny; but if you live to be an old man you will be very tired, and glad of the peaceful sleep that God gives all his children. It is really a good and not a bad thing that we do not live always."

"I have read of two mortals that could not die, and they were far from happy. One, a long time ago, when the world was quite young, asked the Goddess of the Dawn that he might live forever, but he forgot to ask her to make him young as well as immortal. So he kept growing older and older, and more and more feeble, until his life was a burden. At last he was mercifully changed into a grasshopper."

"The other man who lived always was sadder even than he. He was a Jew, who was cruel to Christ, when He was bearing his heavy cross. So Jesus told him to tarry until He came. How long is it, Benny, since Christ was born?"

"1881 years," said Benny.

"Yes, for almost two thousand years this man has been living. He cannot die, and he cannot rest. Sometimes he lives in one country, sometimes in another. He must wander from place to place, and if he is ever so tired or unhappy he cannot die. He sees all those he loves die and leave him. No matter how many new friends he makes, they must die and leave him alone. If he makes a pleasant home he must soon see it broken up, and go wandering away over the world again."

Benny sat looking steadily into the fire for some time after she had finished.

"Mamma," said he at length, "are these stories true?"

"Well," said mamma, "if they are not exactly true, they hold a truth. Can you understand the difference, Benny? It will do for you to think about."

S. A. D.

"I INTENDED TO."

"I INTENDED to learn my lesson this week." Yes, no doubt, you had intentions; but how strong were they? It seems that they were not strong enough to make you learn the lesson. You intended to eat your breakfast this morning, and you succeeded. You intended the same thing yesterday and the day before, and each time were successful. Your intentions can be carried out in the case of breakfast, but fail when it comes to the lesson.

But perhaps we are more interested in our breakfast than in our lesson. Ah! there is the real trouble. It is not a want of intention, but a lack of interest and determination.

Some one has said, "If religion could be judged according to men's intentions, there would scarcely be any irreligion in the world." The remark could apply to every act of our lives. Let the intentions be ever so good; but if determination be lacking, then good-by to success. — *Youth's Instructor*.

MAKE HASTE SLOWLY.

It is well to be quick about your work or study, but it is better to be careful and thorough. "Things done by halves are never done well." You will often find it true, "The more haste, the worse speed."

Two men were once fleeing before an enemy, when a buckle gave way, and one of them found his saddle moving under him.

"I must stop and fix it," said he. "Not so," said the other, "or we will surely be overtaken." "It must be fixed, or I may be thrown from the horse, and then surely be overtaken," replied the other.

So he got down, and was fixing the buckle, when the man with him cried out, "There they come — we must fly!" "Yes, when this is done, but not before."

Soon it was done, and, mounting his horse, he rode fast and far away, safe beyond the reach of the enemy. So it is through life. You cannot safely go on when things are out of gear. Whatever needs mending should be mended at once, and then you can go forward. Remember, "A stitch in time saves nine." — *Selected*.

A PARROT was generally taken out of the room when the family assembled for prayers, lest he might take it into his head to join irreverently in the responses. One evening, however, his presence happened to be unnoticed, and he was forgotten. For some time he maintained a decorous silence; but at length, instead of "Amen," out he came with, "Cheer, boys! cheer!" On this the butler was directed to remove him, and had got as far as the door with him, when the bird, perhaps thinking he had committed himself, and had better apologize, called out, "Sorry I spoke."

Do not try to build yourself up by pulling others down. There is room enough here for all of us.

OUR customs and habits are like the ruts in roads. The wheels of life settle into them; and we jog along through the mire because it is too much trouble to get out of them.

FLY the pleasure that bites to-morrow.



For The Dayspring.

A CHRISTMAS JOKE.

BY LIDA C. TULLOCK.



We are going to hang our stockings on the gas in our room."

"No, you're not."

"Yes, we are!"

"All right, hang them there if you want to, but you won't find anything in them in the morning."

This was a terrible threat, for Cousin Edwin always brought lovely Christmas presents from the good uncles and aunts in Boston, and the thought of losing them brought despair to the hearts of Stella and Addie Coleman. But Stella was a spunky little thing, and did not mean to give up to any boy.

Her dark eyes flashed as she said, "I think you're just as mean as you can be, Edwin Newell, and we shall hang our stockings just where we please. They are our own stockings, and we can do as we like with them; can't we, mamma?" appealing to Mrs. Coleman, who entered the room at that moment.

"Can't you do what?"

"Why, Edwin says that unless we hang our stockings under the dining-room mantel, he won't put anything in them, and we want to hang them in our own room; and we're going to do it too," turning to Edwin.

"Hang them there if you want to," he retorted coolly. "But you'll find them empty in the morning."

"Mamma, won't there be something in them?" pleaded Stella, while tears gathered in Addie's round eyes.

"Huh!" was Edwin's retort. "Aunt Charlotte has already given me charge of the presents, and I am to do just what I

like with them. I think I'll take them back to Boston."

"Oh, you would n't dare do it, you horrid boy," gasped Stella.

"You'll see."

Aunt Charlotte had no boy of her own, and it is to be feared that she petted this favorite sister's child, who made the house gay with his somewhat rough but loving pranks, during his welcome visits to her home. So she smiled indulgently at the lordly way in which he was treating the girls, lifted little Addie to her lap, kissed away the tears that were now running down her cheeks, and asked the angry Stella, "Why do you not hang your stockings where your cousin asks you to?"

"Why, mamma, I will tell you. You know Addie and I like to look at our presents just as early in the morning as we can, don't we, Addie?"

"Yes, indeed, before we get out of bed," assented Addie.

"If our stockings are hung in our own room, we can just reach out of bed and get them, but if they are hung downstairs, we've got to dress ourselves before we can find out what's in them. Won't you make Edwin behave, mamma?"

"I am afraid he is getting too big for me to manage," smiled Mrs. Coleman. "You must settle this among yourselves. Edwin holds the presents, so I see no way to do but to give up to him."

"I'll never do that," replied Stella, hurrying off to her own room, quivering with indignation, even to the very scarlet bow that tied her heavy braid of hair.

Addie presently joined her and meekly suggested, "Let's hang 'em downstairs, Stelle."

"No, indeed, I won't. You can yours if you want to, but I sha'n't give in to that horrid boy. Ma lets him do just as he likes."

"Oh, I shall hang mine just where you do yours," said the loyal Addie. "But won't it be dreadful not to get any presents?"

"Don't you be afraid, he won't dare do it. Besides, mamma will look out for us when the time comes."

So, in spite of all threats, two long, lank stockings dangled from the gas fixture of the girls' room that night. Addie was called the sleepy-head of the family. So, with firm faith in mamma, she was soon in dreamland. But Stella laid her head on the pillow with the full determination of keeping awake all night, in order to see what "that horrid boy would do." For about an hour her wide-open black eyes stared into the darkness, while her ears were on the alert to catch any suspicious sounds. At length, however, sleep overcame her, and the sisters slumbered sweetly in each other's arms.

Just as Addie was revelling in a blissful dream wherein wondrous presents were being showered upon her, she was aroused by a vigorous shake, and opened her sleepy eyes to see Stella standing in a blaze of light.

"Oh, dear, is the house on fire?" she exclaimed in affright.

"No, indeed, of course not. Just look here, what did I tell you?"

Addie winked and blinked; rubbed her eyes with her chubby hands, and finally was able to make out that the articles Stella was holding up to view were two well-filled stockings.

"Oh, goody! They're full, ain't they, Stelle?"

"I should say so, running over. It's awful early—dark as night—so I'll leave the gas burning while I get into bed, and we'll see what we've got. I knew that boy would n't dare keep our presents," she concluded with great satisfaction.

"And I knew mamma would look out for us," said Addie, taking her stocking and cuddling up to her sister to keep warm while they looked their treasures over.

"What's this long thing on top, I wonder?"

"I don't know, I've got one in mine. It's something yellow."

"Molasses candy, I guess," said Addie, smacking her lips.

"Look here, Addie," cried Stella, who had her package fully unrolled by this time. "I call this real mean. It's a chicken leg!"

"Why, mine is too! But never mind, perhaps papa put them in for fun. Let's see what the next is. Oh, a nice big apple! That's good to begin with, and see, the stockings are full down to the very toe, so there must be lots of nice things to come."

"I should think so. Look at this, and this, and this!" burst forth Stella, who had dived into her stocking and found that the nice packages contained potatoes, turnips, ears of corn, &c.

Stella's wrath knew no bounds, and when she heard an exasperating titter from the room across the hall, she shut the door with a bang, turned out the gas, and flung herself into bed.

Poor little Addie could not help crying. "Oh dear, what will Christmas be without any presents," she wailed. "Don't you wish we'd hung our stockings downstairs, Stelle?"

"No, I don't," was the only reply.

When daylight dawned, the girls paid no attention to the "Merry Christmas!" shouted through their keyhole, nor to the pillows flung against their door.

They remained in their room until the breakfast bell rang, then went soberly down to the sitting-room.

"Merry Christmas! little daughters,"

cried papa, as they appeared. They were forced to respond to this greeting, but their voices were not very hearty.

"Well, how did you like your presents? You're welcome, I'm sure, although they were very costly," teased Edwin, from behind a story book.

Stella tossed her head, and Addie tried to console herself with the cat, until mamma summoned them to breakfast.

"I don't believe I can eat a bit, do you, Stelle?" whispered Addie, as they crossed the hall.

"No, and I don't mean to either. Let's slip out and run away. We can go to some Asylum or Mission School where they don't take children's presents away."

"Why, Stelle!" began Addie. But just then they entered the dining-room where mamma sat smiling behind the coffee urn, and papa was laughing as he stood sharpening the carving knife, and Katie, the servant, was grinning broadly as she placed the hot cakes on the table, while Edwin—well, I believe Edwin was turning hand springs round the room.

The sisters looked about in bewilderment for a moment. Then a loud cry of rapture burst from their lips, for hanging from the mantel were two of the very biggest stockings filled to the brim; and not only filled to the brim, but running over on the mantel, on the chairs, and on the floor.

Such shrieks of delight, such hugging and kissing—for mamma, for papa, but most of all for "that horrid boy Edwin"—as followed this discovery! The clouds all cleared away, the smiles came out bright and sunny, and the Christmas which threatened to be so gloomy turned out to be a wonderfully pleasant one.

TIME once past never returns. The moment that is lost, is lost forever.

A RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

My first remembered experience which can be called religious was when I was six or seven, I think. You may not consider it as particularly religious, and it certainly was not at the beginning; but it culminated in an experience that waked my soul to a sense of the divine within, in a way I can never forget. One day, I went out with a boy in the neighborhood, somewhat older than myself, into a neighbor's barn. I don't remember whether we went there with "wrong intent" or not. I only remember that, after entering the barn, we set ourselves to hunting hens' eggs, a very innocent and delightful thing to do in one's *own* barn. But this was in the barn of Mr. George Cushing, and that wasn't Ned's father's name, nor mine. But we didn't stop to think of that, or, if we did, it didn't stop our hunting; and, alas! we found. We had never studied history, and knew nothing of the rights of a discoverer; so there was no valid excuse for our appropriating those eggs, as we did, and bearing them away to a convenient place, where we amused ourselves with "thrashing" them, as we boys used to call it. We would lay one down, walk off so many paces, and then, with a long switch, march up blindfold, and thrash. Who hit first, I don't remember. I only remember that *some* of them were defective. But we thought them sound when we took them, so I don't name that to palliate the crime. At last the fun was over, and it was time to go home. Ned left, and I went home alone. But somehow I began to feel lonesome. What would mother think, if she knew it? If it had only been in *our* barn, but it was n't. If it had only been in *Ned's* barn, but it was n't; and the more I thought of it, the more troubled I was. I went home;

but I could n't laugh, I could n't play. Mother, with her quick eye, saw something was the matter, and wanted to know if I was sick. I told her I was, and I told the truth. I was sick,—sick in a way I had never been before. It was n't the headache, it was n't the stomach-ache; and yet it was some sort of an ache that made me sick all over. Mother wondered what could be the matter, and made me up a little bed in the room where she was working. But the tenderer she was, the worse I felt. At last, after rolling and tossing, I could stand it no longer, and said, "Mother, what do they do to folks that steal?" She looked at me an instant. "Do? They put them in prison, to be sure. Why?" The rock was smitten, and the waters gushed. I told her all, and went to prison forthwith, the prison of my mother's arms, God's first and best reformatory institution the world has ever known.

It was my first experience of the voice of God in the soul; and, though I did not understand it then, I have since regarded it as one of the truest religious experiences of my life. — *Rev. W. P. Tilden*

READER, rear your own monument, not of huge piles of granite or marble, but of noble acts. Live not for self alone, but also for the good of others. Seize the opportunities as they pass, so that your good deeds may be as the stars of heaven or the sand upon the wave-washed shore. "A good name is better than precious ointment."

I EXPECT to pass through this world but once; if, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to any fellow human being, let me do it *now*. Let me not defer or neglect it, *for I shall not pass this way again.*

LIVINGSTONE'S BOYHOOD.

THE boyhood and subsequent life of Livingstone, the missionary explorer of Africa, illustrate the lines:—

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well thy part, there all the honor lies."

When David Livingstone was a boy he was obliged to be at the mills by six o'clock every morning, and he did not leave until eight o'clock in the evening. It might be well supposed that the little factory boy would have been glad to rest during the short time that he was not at work. But a lad with such a spirit of determination as Davie possessed was not easily to be deterred from pursuing the course which he had marked out for himself.

When he received his first week's pay, he forthwith purchased a Latin grammar with a portion of it, and within a very short time joined an evening school. This school was a very humble one, and it was partially supported by the owners of the cotton-mills for the benefit of those employed by them, the dominie who carried it on being thus enabled to give instruction at a low rate to his pupils.

Davie now began to learn in real earnest, continuing, night after night, to attend the school until ten o'clock, and then devoting two hours—sometimes more, unless his mother prevented him by taking his books away—to the preparation of the following day's lessons; and so absorbed was he always in his thought that the hard work in which he was regularly engaged seemed almost to be lost sight of by him. — *Youth's Companion.*

"By their fruits ye shall know them." The young man that squanders his money on cigars and useless trash, or the young lady that spends it for vain and showy trinkets, can easily be known.

THE DAYSPRING FOR 1882.

THE next number of the "Dayspring" will look very different from this. It will contain only eight pages, but they will be as large again as these and will be printed on better paper and from better type. Hereafter each number will contain from three to five cuts instead of two. These cuts, although in most instances smaller than the ones we have been accustomed to use, will be better in quality. Some of our best writers for children have promised contributions, and we are confident of making the "Dayspring" in all respects better than it ever has been. Now for a united and hearty effort to increase its circulation.

BOUND volumes of the "Dayspring" for the years 1872-81 inclusive can be had at the office of publication, 7 Tremont Place, Boston, at *fifty cents* per volume.

A CHRISTMAS SERVICE prepared by Miss Almira Seymour has been published by the Unitarian Sunday-School Society. It is a beautiful and appropriate one, and we hope that it will be widely used. Specimen copies sent on application.

Puzzles.

ENIGMA NO. 1.

I am composed of eighteen letters.

My 6, 14, 17, 9, 2, 1, 7, means use.

My 15, 10, 8, 18, means enduring.

My 5, 10, 3, 7, is what we all want to do.

My 13, 2, 11, 14, is an article of food.

My 5, 16, 3, 12, is something we desire.

My 15, 4, 12, is an exclamation.

My 9, 4, 1, 7, is something to be abhorred.

My 18, 2, 5, 14, is some distance.

My 16, 10, 5, is a fluid.

My whole is something which is greatly needed.

S. S.

ENIGMA NO. 2.

I am composed of eleven letters.

My 5, 9, 2, is a useful animal.

My 7, 4, 10, is a cooking utensil.

My 2, 3, 9, 8, 5, is eaten by man and beast.

My 1, 10, 6, is a conjunction.

My 6, 11, 2, is a domestic animal.

My whole is what most people like to hear.

R. S.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A garment.
2. A fireside.
3. A boy's name.
4. A woman mentioned in the Bible.
5. An act of affection.
6. A highway.
7. A precious stone.
8. An Eastern country.
9. Solemn promises.
10. A boy's name.
11. A famous water-fall.
12. A color.

The initials name one of our annual holidays; the finals another.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

ENIGMA.

Ail, bail, hail, jail, mail, nail, pail, sail, tail, rail, wail.

CHARADE.

Tom-a-hawk.

THE DAYSPRING,

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